

## ELINOR NORTON.

BY MARY SHANE SMITH.

"CHAPTER XI.  
"Elinor found Mrs. Stoddard sitting at her desk, engaged in writing. She did not look up, nor in any way notice Elinor's appearance—a reception not calculated to remove the painful feelings that filled the heart of the latter, who seated herself, presently, near the fire, to wait the pleasure of the mistress of the house.

In a few minutes the writing was apparently finished, for Mrs. Stoddard closed her desk after arranging some papers, and still holding them in her hand, came and took a seat opposite Elinor. After a few moments she said, as though speaking in a total stranger's voice: "You have several times told me you wished to study medicine. I have decided to allow you to do so."

Elinor was speechless with amazement at this unlooked-for concession, though of course she knew the motive that prompted it. She had expected reproaches, not concessions. At length, feeling that she must say something, she began:

"I am very grateful to you, I am sure. I hardly know how to thank you—"

"If you are very grateful, I suppose you are willing to agree to some conditions," interrupted Mrs. Stoddard, severely.

"Certainly," said Elinor; "anything I possibly can do, I will promise."

"You must first give up your studies, and stilling your heart with the thought of what might be required of her.

"Very well, then," replied Mrs. Stoddard. "I will agree to send you to one of the best medical colleges till you have completed the course, pay all your expenses, and when you are ready to begin business for yourself, I will give you \$5,000. I have just written to a friend in Paris to know if she can take you, if you wish to go. The conditions are those," and her voice grew harsh and relentless.

"You must promise never to marry my son, never to correspond with him, nor have anything to do with him, and you are to tell him so in my presence; or, if you prefer not to see him, I will tell him; and you are to go at once and stay with some friends of mine till you are ready to begin your studies."

An indignant flush arose on Elinor's face as she listened, and when the speaker stopped, she raised her eyes, bright and flashing, to the other's face, and said, in clear, strong tones:

"What have I ever done to make you think me capable of such baseness? I would not touch a dollar of your money on such conditions to save my life. I will leave your house, of course—I intended to do that—but I will agree to no such terms. It is not my fault. I could not help it. I tried to avoid anything that would cause you trouble, but could not always. I ought to have gone away long ago, and I would, if you had let me," she said, sadly, as if her indignation had already spent itself in her few hasty words.

Mrs. Stoddard was pale with anger, and her black eyes gleamed threateningly while Elinor spoke, and she said, contemptuously, as soon as the latter ceased:

"I supposed that was about what all your professions of gratitude were worth. I am not surprised, after your shameless plotting to get Frank, that you should show out in your true colors when you think you have succeeded. I understand now why you treated young Harley and Captain Talbot so shamefully. Yes, I see it all," she continued, bitterly. "What a fool I was not to see it then! I did suspect it; but I ought to have known it!"

"Mrs. Stoddard," said Elinor, trying hard to speak calmly, "I have not merited such language from you, and I cannot bear it. I have not plotted to win any one. She felt as if she could not bear to utter Frank's name in such an interview. "I have not treated any one heartlessly. I refused those men because I did not love them, just as I told you, not because I thought of any one else," her cheeks flushing to be accused of conduct so hateful and disgusting to her.

"Really, you would make quite an actress," said Mrs. Stoddard, scornfully; "but, though you can impose on inexperienced young men like my unfortunate son, your efforts are quite wasted on me, so you might just as well save your declaration for a more appreciative audience."

Elinor struggled hard to keep down the hopeless tears that sprang to her eyes at such cruel treatment, and when she could command her voice, she said with dignity, as she rose to leave the room:

"Since you will believe nothing I can say, I trust I may be spared any further insults, and be permitted to retire."

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kindness by thwarting my most cherished plans, alienating my only son from me, and doing her best to persuade him to disobey and desert me, when I most need his care and attention."

"Elinor Norton," she went on, vehemently, "if you do marry my son, I will never forgive you, nor him either. You need not think I will change my mind after a while, and allow you to reap the results you have labored for; no, I never will. If he chooses you, he need never speak to me again. I will not allow it. I will not see him. I will not acknowledge him as my son—no, not if I am on my death-bed, and he comes with tears of penitence. You shall both of you feel that there is a curse on you, for there is a curse on unfaithful, disobedient children!"

In the midst of Elinor's conflicting emotions, one thought now forced itself upon her for a moment with resistless power. She remembered her resolution to do whatever might seem to be duty, and now the time had come to make a sacrifice. But she hesitated, and felt that this was too much. This cold, haughty woman, who so cruelly misjudged her, could never appreciate such a sacrifice, and would not give her credit for pure motives, even for this. Ought she to do it, after all? Had she really any right to sacrifice Frank's happiness as well as her own? Was the mother, then, worth more than the son? Suddenly she felt overwhelmed by the consciousness that he was more to her than she had imagined. It seemed as if she could not live, should she give him up. She felt then that it would be easier to yield up her life than to give the promise required of her. Then the reverse of the picture appeared before her, and she saw herself the loving and beloved wife of the man of her heart; but ever in the midst of their happiness rose the specter that haunted them, the vision of that wrathful, vengeful woman, alone in her widowhood, cursing in her heart her only son and the woman for whom he had abandoned his mother. These thoughts, and many like them, flashed through the troubled mind of the woman who was thus confronting her destiny. She felt that she stood at the entrance of the diverging paths that lead to such different goals, and she sighed deeply to think how hard it was to decide which one to enter. Just then she glanced at the woman whose pride was causing so much pain to all of them, and she felt a great pity surge over her soul for one who was so blinded by the glitter of mere baubles that she was utterly unable to see the glory of truth, of purity, of self-denial, and of love, sincere and unselfish. As she thought of these things, she felt side at last to rise above all selfish considerations, which suddenly looked so unworthy she felt ashamed, and to do what but a few moments before she had felt to be impossible. The man of her heart seemed no less dear to her—no, he seemed even more precious—but her feelings toward him were, for the time, at least, absolutely unselfish. She felt just as she would have done had she been about to freely offer herself to save him from death. She was upheld by the spirit of heroic devotion that comes sometimes to rare souls, who show as well noble and glorious deeds human beings may perform.

The time occupied by these reflections was far less than that necessary to record them, and the pause, at last broken, was not a very long one, though it seemed such to both women.

Mrs. Stoddard was beginning to think that her last hope was gone, her appeal to Elinor's love for her son useless, when Elinor spoke calmly, and with but slight trace of the conflict through which her soul had just passed:

"Mrs. Stoddard, perhaps you will believe that I am neither ungrateful nor hypocritical, as you think, when I say that I have resolved never to consent to marriage while you oppose it."

Then, as if the sound of her own voice revealed to her the full extent of her sacrifice, and the desolate life before her, she buried her face in her hands, and her frame shook violently in her effort to control herself.

Mrs. Stoddard was disturbed by this new turn of events. She wanted to have everything arranged to suit herself, and she had no fancy that this strange, self-contained, independent girl should be free to correspond with her son, and retain a hold on his heart that would prevent him from allying himself to the lady she had chosen for him. She sat in moody silence a few moments, and then said:

"I am glad to see you more reasonable; but I warn you that you need not expect me to change my mind in this matter, for it is impossible I should ever do so. If you will now give me your word that there shall be no correspondence nor secret conferences, I will still fulfill my part of the agreement."

Elinor drew herself up proudly, and as she looked fearfully into the eyes of the older lady, she said, in tones that convinced her hearer that further attempts at bribery were useless:

"I shall make no other concessions or promises. I have done all that I feel I ought to do. I will not promise to refrain from conversation or correspondence with Frank, if he desires it, for he has a right to the poor privilege of a full explanation, at least. I could not touch your money if you offered it—it would seem like the price of blood," she added, upon her heart with their unendurable

weight. She felt as if suffocating. Tears no longer came to relieve her. Deadly despair was crushing her, and she longed to be down by her mother's grave and end life's painful journey.

Just then a tiny little bird flitted down from a tree and hopped cheerfully about near her as if expecting food. It turned its head sidling to one side, and peered up into her face with its shining, twinkling dots of eyes, and acted as if determined to win her attention. If she had nothing else to give. Presently she spoke to it softly, and then, as if satisfied with what it had done, it twittered forth a joyous, merry little song that sounded strangely in the storm, and flew back to its tree, from whence it soon darted away, and she saw it no more.

The evil spell was broken. Blessed words came into her mind and forth returned to her heart—"Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" Out of the depths of despair her spirit rose to communion with its Maker, and she felt, as she had never done before, that her loved ones were not here in this gloomy abode of death, but were far in the glorious land of life and love and beauty, where there is no more cold nor night, nor sorrow nor parting. She turned away and went back with new courage to begin her battle for life, new faith that all would yet be well, a new sense of the shortness of time and trouble, and higher and deeper thoughts about that unending happiness we may attain by faith and earnest striving after perfection.

Three Women.  
Dr. James Freeman Clarke expresses the opinion that the three greatest novels of our time are written by George Eliot in England, Harriet Beecher Stowe in America, and George Sand in France. "Each," he says, "may be extended in some respects by other writers; but in the domain of fiction, they do not have a rival. Each is a masterpiece of art, and each is a masterpiece of nature. Each is a masterpiece of the human mind, and each is a masterpiece of the human heart. Each is a masterpiece of the human soul, and each is a masterpiece of the human body. Each is a masterpiece of the human spirit, and each is a masterpiece of the human flesh. Each is a masterpiece of the human mind, and each is a masterpiece of the human heart. Each is a masterpiece of the human soul, and each is a masterpiece of the human body. Each is a masterpiece of the human spirit, and each is a masterpiece of the human flesh."

Journalism for Women.  
Of late years journalism has offered a new field for educated women, and today, in America, there are a few who make money and whose names are known to every one. But, alas! we see and hear of those who win; the many who fail do so with no one to tell of their struggles. People are apt to fancy writing for the press easy work, which any woman with tolerable fluency—and most women are fluent—can do. In point of fact, no profession needs more training. A man who writes as a business, and knows only how to handle a pen, a woman who essays story-making, expecting success because she can sew a straight seam, is as wise as she who hopes to make a name and fame among writers on the strength of her ability to write a readable private letter. And journalism—steady, faithful work—which is ready with its article to order on any subject, is the only career which any woman can follow with any chance of success. It is a career of daily bread and butter, and it is a career of daily struggle and battle, and it is a career of daily sacrifice and self-denial. It is a career of daily sacrifice and self-denial, and it is a career of daily struggle and battle, and it is a career of daily sacrifice and self-denial.

"See the moon," said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out of the window, the other day. "The moon," said the little man. "You can't see the moon in the daytime." "Yes, you can," continued his aunt; "there it is over the trees." The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added: "Tain't lighted, any way."

When a Mongolian wash-house in Detroit took fire, "John" picked up his shirt and murmured, "The Chinese must go!"

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.  
[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]  
NEW YORK, May 24, 1879.  
To the Editor of the New Northwest:  
Toward the Central Park terminus of Fifth avenue, the sites of the coming new Vanderbilt residences occasion much observation and speculation among walkers and riders, as it is known that the buildings planned for erection there are to surpass all previous luxuries of affluent metropolitan habitation. The twelve lots of the block between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, costing half a million in cash, are to supply the foundation and the grounds for a million-dollar house belonging to Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, the Plutus of railway stocks. His son, Wm. H., for another quarter of a million, has bought six lots immediately across the avenue at Fifty-second street, where he will put up a dwelling costing twice that sum. Yet higher up the same avenue, at Fifty-seventh street, a second son, Cornelius, has purchased the former Lorillard and Bigelow mansions, desiring to turn them into one spacious palace, almost equal to his father's in costly splendor. Thus two and a half millions of expenditure will be represented by three private residences in a group, as it were, and all belonging to one family.

Much of the character and interest of the crowds out in the sunshine this week, especially near the more central part of the city, is attributed to the May anniversary, whereof those of the Sunday School Union, the Tract Society, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Temperance Society, the Board of Foreign Missions, and the Howard Mission for Little Wanderers are the most attractive. With the coming of better times there is a renewed public interest in these annual gatherings, and a large infusion of sober-looking, spectacled persons in every day's sidewalk procession indicates liberal attendance at the Tabernacle, where most of the above universities are being celebrated. Above Fourteenth street, and along Fifth avenue as high as Fifteenth street, the afternoon displays of fashion on foot and in carriages are as brilliant as new Spring bonnets, the latest imported tailoring art, freshly varnished vehicles and a bright sun can make them. Broadway, tapped on either side by the elevated railways, has been dull in its throngs compared with those of any past May; for, while its own sentence to the railway investment is temporarily suspended, its loss of caste as a promenade is shown in a daily lessening of the number of its well-dressed, sauntering frequenters.

A few evenings since, a middle-aged man, having the appearance of a tramp, was found wandering about the streets in the vicinity of Bellevue Hospital. He presented a haggard appearance, and seemed to suffer great pain. He was taken by a police officer to the Hospital, where he gave his name as John Goodman, stating that he had no residence or occupation. No connected account of his condition could be gathered from him, but it was supposed from his symptoms that he had taken poison. He expired shortly after midnight in terrible agony, having previously been treated by three of the resident physicians. What occurred afterward is best told in the language of Edward McAlister, the night orderly in charge of the ward. "When he died," said he, "I took a card with his name on to the office, and returned with a shroud and commenced washing him. He sat right up in bed all of a sudden and looked me square in the face. He then put up his hands and struck me a stunning blow under the left ear. I was paralyzed with amazement and ran for the doctor." The physician returned and applied a galvanic battery, and again pronounced life extinct, to the great relief of the excited orderly. The sum of \$40 in greenbacks was found sewed up in the inner vest worn by the deceased. An autopsy will be held to determine the cause of his death. Post mortem movements of the muscles are not unfrequently, but are not usually so strongly developed as in this case.

The Executive Committee of the World's Fair met on Tuesday night at Judge Hilt's residence, and resolved not to fix the date of holding the fair until a site had been selected; also, that the exhibition should be located on Manhattan Island, and recommended that the site be between and taking in a part of the Riverside and Morningside Parks. They declared against a proposition for a preliminary convention of representatives of various States or even adjoining cities. A draft of a bill to Congress was unanimously adopted, and subsequently introduced in Congress, providing for holding the international exhibition of arts, manufactures, and products of soil and mine, in the city of New York in the year eighteen hundred and blank. The act provides for a Commission of one delegate to each State and Territory, to be known as the United States International Commission, to prepare and superintend the erection of a place for holding the exhibition. No compensation is to be paid from the United States Treasury to these Commissioners, nor is the United States to be liable for any expenses attending the exhibition. This Commission is to fix the date. The bill also provides for a Board of Finance,

who shall have power to open a bank for a subscription of capital stock not exceeding \$10,000,000. The bill further provides for an organization of Boards similar to those of the Centennial exhibition.

In the social world, there is an anticipation of unusual fashionable attention to the Jerome Park races, and following closely the first meeting of the season at Pimlico. It is too bad that Mr. Lorillard may not hope for the blue ribbon of the English Derby to crown his series of Parole victories, but the latter have been sufficient to give New York fashion a renewed interest in the turf. Another matter of much talk in relation to the season is the probable succession of archery to croquet, for this Summer at least. So strongly has this historical diversion of parties at English country been palavered and written into favor within the last year that there is already a lively trade competition between domestic and imported bows and arrows. Mr. Maurice Thompson's book, "The Witherby of Archery," is responsible for much of this slightly snobbish adoption, which, however, is not likely to leave a much longer run here than did the "coaching" variety.

The New York post office received \$100,000 worth of ten-dollar refunding certificates, which were immediately disposed of at the main office and the various stations throughout the city. An officer-to-day remarked that if the rush of applicants for ten-dollar refunding certificates continues to increase, the post office building will have to be enlarged to contain them, or tickets of admission will have to be issued. There were more than two hundred women around the entrance to-day at nine o'clock, waiting for the doors to open so that they might rush to the head of the line. It is said that some women make as much as four or five dollars a day by purchasing certificates for speculators. Whole families are frequently in line down to the youngest, scarcely ten years old. The throng of men is quite as great as that of women.

President Cyrus W. Field, of the New York Elevated Railroad, who sailed for Europe on Wednesday last, will attend as a delegate of the Chamber of Commerce the International Congress at Paris to promote the construction of the canal across the Isthmus of Darien. Subscriptions will be opened to-day to the stock of the company to be formed to lay a submarine cable from the Pacific Coast to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan. A subscription of \$1,000,000 is expected from the Hawaiian Government. Mr. Field headed the list in this country with \$100,000. This gentleman, who, according to common report, had recently cleared several millions as the reward of his efforts in restoring rapid transit upon the people of New York, created a sensation the other day by making both at the tax office that he had no tax to pay on personal property. He said: "I pay tax here on my real estate, and my bonds and stocks are exempt from taxation under the law, and under these circumstances I have no personal tax to pay, because my business obligations growing out of these transactions exceed the value of my other personal property. I believe that every company should be taxed upon its dividends. When its dividends were heavy the tax would be heavy, and when there were no dividends there would be no tax."

Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.  
Never lend a borrowed article unless you have permission to do so.  
Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.  
Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of any one present.  
Never exhibit anger, impatience or excitement when an accident happens.  
Never answer questions, in general company, that have been put to others.  
Never call a new acquaintance by the Christian name unless requested to do so.  
Never attempt to drag the attention of the company constantly upon yourself.  
Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.  
Never punish your children for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.  
Never, when traveling abroad, be overboastful in praise of your own country.  
Never pass between two persons who are talking together without an excuse.

In 1871 the London Common Council offered a prize for the best invention to rid the streets of snow. One was selected out of seventeen plans, and has since been in yearly operation. It consists of a sloping plate of iron placed beneath a man-hole in the streets leading to the sewers. Under the plate are iron maws or rakes, which revolve it very hot. The snow is carried from the proximate thoroughfares and thrown upon the plate. It is quickly reduced to water, and flows into the sewer. The consumption of gas is moderate, and as the maws are numerous, a great economy is effected over the old system of carting the snow long distances to the Thames, Lea, and Serpentine Rivers.

In the matter of public schools, Switzerland stands at the head of the nations of Europe. It has 15 pupils out of each 100 inhabitants, and 7,915 schools, attended by 429,100 pupils. The yearly expense for this is \$1,741,635, or a little over \$4 for each pupil, or \$250 for each school. Then in the next rank comes Germany, where all the children between the ages of six and fourteen are obliged to attend school. The proportion of pupils is 14 to 100 inhabitants. There are 60,000 schools, attended by 6,000,000 pupils. The expense is \$25,000,000, or nearly \$5 to a pupil.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.  
[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1879.  
It is getting very hot here now, evidently settling down to steady summer weather, and Congressmen are beginning to show signs of uneasiness. This is the old year—the year they usually expect to escape the discomforts of sweating over appropriation bills in badly-ventilated legislative halls, and many of them will not take kindly to the idea of sitting here through the long hot days of June. From present indications, adjournment will take place within three weeks, and provision for all departments will be made in the meantime.

Another delegation of Indians is now here pleading for their rights, or for the redress of real or fancied wrongs. This is the third delegation since February, all representing different tribes. The one now here is from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency in the Indian Territory, and includes Little Chief, Porcupine, Eagle Feather, High Wolf, Black Wolf and Young Wolf. The first-named is the head of the band. They represent about 700 northern Cheyennes, now stationed at the agency mentioned. Since they were brought down from the Sioux reservation, by order of the Interior Department, they have complained of being taken away from their home, and say that the climate is unhealthy for them. The object of their visit is to induce the Government to let them go back. They are more like the wild red man of the forest than any of their predecessors, talk no English, and go about clad in all the glory of paint and feathers, with blankets, beads and tomahawks. About all the children in Washington flock around the Tremont House, night and morning, to get a sight of them. It is most likely that their mission here will be successful. They have called on the President and Secretary Schurz, and, in the interview with the latter, Little Chief entered the plea that the band be permitted to return to their old home, where they could hunt buffalo. He urged that the Cheyenne and Arapahoes, who had always been friendly with the whites, and sometimes fought for them, should have at least as good a locality as Little Wolf's fighting band, who were still in the north. Dull Knife's band, he said, deserved the treatment they had received, on account of the outrages they had committed on the whites. Secretary Schurz, replying, said that the buffalo were fast dying off, and that even Sitting Bull was compelled to come over the border to hunt for food, sometimes to beg from the agencies. The fact was, the Indians would soon have to go to work, as they could not live much longer by hunting. This course, he thought, would be best for them now as a measure of self-protection, and it would soon be necessary as a measure of support. They will be given a medal with the head of Grant stamped on it, a few dollars in money, and sent back to tell the band what a great country they have seen, and that the Great Father thinks the Indian Territory a good enough place for them, and if they don't believe it they must fight.

Commissioner Le Duc is catching it again. An investigation of the affairs of the Agricultural Bureau has been ordered, one of the objects of which, it is said, is to ascertain the facts concerning a story which, if true, suggests that it might be wise to appoint a guardian for the Commissioner's special benefit. Having decided, a year or so ago, to invest some ten thousand dollars in sugar cane for experimental purposes, and having found a man who knew just what the Government wanted in the way of sugar cane, the Commissioner of Agriculture gave him ten thousand dollars in cash and started him off. The sugar-cane purchasing agent must have received altogether too much of a start; he has, in fact, gone so far away that he has not been heard from since he left. The situation is such that really it looks as if it might be necessary for Commissioner Le Duc to turn his attention to the cultivation of a crop of detectives. The soil and climate of this country are adapted to the growth of a certain kind of detective which might be useful in cases like this.

It is understood here that, should Secretary McCarty resign the portfolio of the War Department to take the United States Circuit Judgeship made vacant by the resignation of Judge Dillon, whose circuit embraces Missouri and Iowa, the Administration will endeavor to secure a Southern man to preside over the War Department. The Hon. John Hancock, of Texas, who was a member of the Forty-fourth Congress, is spoken of as a possible selection. He was a Union soldier, and, though a Democrat, has considerable influence with the present Administration.

The Senate took a recess on Wednesday under rather suspicious circumstances. Senator Dan Cameron urged, as an excuse, that Senators had a large amount of business before the various departments which they wished to attend to; but they must have made short work of it, as several of them were seen to take the train for Baltimore, where the Panicle races were to begin. Somebody said they wanted to get to their heavy horses of two years ago, but two or even charged with not having yet settled some of the bets on Ten Broeck.

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